

(7)

THE
S P E E C H

O F
JOHN TRUSTY,

Aged Eleven Years,

A Poor Boy belonging to the Workhouse of the
Corporation for the Poor of the City of London,

To Her Sacred Majesty

Queen A N N E,

Upon Her coming into the City to Dine at the
Guildhall, on *Thursday*, *October* the *29th*,
1702. being the Lord-Mayor's Day.

May it please Your Most Excellent Majesty,

TO Pardon this Great Presumption in *Us poor Children*,
who throw our Selves at Your *Royal Feer*, among the
Rest of Your Glad *Subjects*, who here in Crowds
appear to behold Your *Sacred Majesty*.

We, *M A D A M*, have no *Fathers*, no *Mothers*, no *Friends*, * *The Motto*
(or, which is next to none, Those who thro' their *Extreme* on their Badges
Poverty cannot help us.) * *God's Providence is Our Inheritance*, which the
All the *Support* We have, is from the *Unexhausted Charities* of Children
Your *Loyal Citizens* of *London*, and other Your *Good Subjects*, wear at their
and the *Pious Care* of our *Governors*, who are now teaching Breasts.
our *Little Hands* to *Work*, and our *Fingers* to *Spin*.

* These *Threads*, *M A D A M*, are some of the *Early* * *Holding*
Fruits of our *Industry* : We are All daily *Employed* on the some Yarn in
Staple Manufacture of *England*, learning betimes to be *Useful* his Hand.
to the *World* : And there seemed nothing wanting to compleat
our *Happiness*, but the *Opportunity* which *This Day* affords
us, of being the *Objects* of Your *Tender Pitty* and *Compassion*.
One *Gracious Smile* from *YOUR MAJESTY* on *This*
New Foundation, will make *Us Live*, ----- and *Live* to call
You Blessed.

And may *God Almighty* long *Preserve* *YOUR MAJESTY*
for the *Good* of these Your *Kingdoms*, and Your *Royal*
Consort the *PRINCE*. --- So *Pray* We, Your *Little Chil-*
dren ; and let All Your *People* say, *A M E N*.

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